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THE LAST OF THE MOHICANS

ADAPTED FROM THE CLASSIC NOVEL BY JAMES FENIMORE COOPER



THE THRILLS AND
EXCITEMENT OF THE
ORIGINAL CLASSIC--
IN A POWERFUL,
NEVER-BEFORE-SEEN
COMICS ADAPTATION!



STAN LEE presents
THE
LAST
OF THE
MOHICANS

by James Fenimore Cooper

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ABOUT THE AUTHOR

James Fenimore Cooper was born in Burlington, New Jersey, 1789. He spent most of his young life on his father's estate at Cooperstown, N.Y. which was then a frontier landscape that sparked in Cooper an early interest in the American Indian which he later carried over into his literary works. He was sent to Yale College in 1806, but was later expelled in his junior year for alleged insubordination. In 1808 he joined the Navy and three years later resigned and was married, settling into a life as a farmer in Westchester County. From this point, his career as a budding writer proceeded in earnest.

Cooper was prolific, publishing more than thirty novels, many of them social pieces, critical of "coonskin" democrats.

In his finest moments he was one of the most truly American of American authors, who brought to life men of the sea and the primeval forests with a freshness and power that earned him a worldwide reputation. He was probably less influenced by foreign writers in the literary directions he followed than any other American writer of that time.

Cooper is most famous for his *Leather-stocking Tales*, a series of five interconnected novels, of which, *Last of the Mohicans* is the second, though no two of the novels appeared in their proper order when first published. Natty Bumppo, the major figure in these works is a colorful unforgettable character, as are Leatherstocking and Hawkeye, each in their special way, representative of the early American experience.

After making an indelible mark on the consciousness of his country, Cooper retired to his family's estate in Cooperstown, where he died in September of 1851.

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It was a feature peculiar to the colonial wars of North America that the dangers of the wilderness were to be encountered before the adverse hosts could meet. A wide and apparently impervious boundary of forest separated the possessions of the mutually hostile provinces of France and England — and perhaps no district of the frontier could more vividly host the fierceness of savage warfare than the region between the headwaters of the Hudson River and the adjacent lakes of Champlain and "Herkon" (or Lake George).

FORT EDWARD, 1757. SINCE GENERAL BRADDOCK'S DEFEAT IN 1755, THE ENGLISH HAVE FARED POORLY IN THE FRENCH AND INDIAN WAR.

NOW, HAVING RECEIVED WORD FROM COLONEL MUNRO—COMMANDANT AT FORT WILLIAM HENRY—THAT MONTCALM'S FRENCH AND INDIAN FORCES ARE MOVING DOWN LAKE CHAMPLAIN TO ATTACK, GENERAL NEBB DISPATCHES A BODY OF SOLDIERS TO MUNRO'S AID...

ALSO SETTING OUT ON THE TWENTY MILE JOURNEY BETWEEN THE TWO FORTS ARE TWO WHO ARE ANYTHING BUT SOLDIERS—CORA AND ALICE MUNRO, DAUGHTERS WHO WISH TO BE AT THEIR FATHER'S SIDE IN THIS HOUR OF DANGER...

GOODSPEED, HEYNARD—DELIVER COLONEL MUNRO'S DAUGHTERS WITH THE UTMOST PROTECTION AT YOUR COMMAND! AND BEWARE OF MONTCALM'S SAVAGES.

I SHALL GUARD THEM WITH MY LIFE, GENERAL WEBB—FAREWELL SIR!

THAT SAVAGE, HEYNARD—ARE SUCH SPIRITS COMMON IN THE WOODS—? CORA AND I WILL NEED ALL OUR HEREDITARY COURAGE TO FOLLOW SUCH AS HIM.

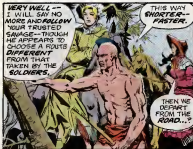
PUT YOUR FEARS ASIDE, ALICE—THAT IS MAGUA, WITH WHOM YOUR FATHER HAS RIDICULOUSLY DEALT. HE MAY BE TRUSTED NOW.

YOU MEAN HE WAS MY FATHER'S ENEMY—? THEN I TRUST HIM EVEN LESS.

THAT IS IN THE PAST, ALICE—MAGUA IS NOW YOUR FATHER'S COMMANDER. BESIDES, HE HAS REQUESTED TO GUIDE US TO THE FORT.

I WOULD SOONER FOLLOW THE SOLDIER DUNCAN.

NONSENSE, ALICE. SHOULD WE DISTRUST THIS MAGUA BECAUSE HIS MANNERS ARE NOT OUR MANNERS—AND BECAUSE HIS SKIN IS DARK?



VERY WELL --
I WILL SAY NO
MORE AND FOLLOW
YOUR TRUSTED
SAVAGE--THOUGH
HE APPEARS TO
CHOOSE A ROUTE
DIFFERENT
FROM THAT
TAKEN BY THE
SOLDIERS.

THIS WAY
SHORTER--
FASTER.

THEN WE
DEPART
FROM THE
ROAD...



NOW YOU BEGIN
TO DISTRUST HIM,
CORAT?

COME ALONG--
IF MAGUA GAVE
THIS ROUTE IS
QUICKER, THEN
THERE IS NOTHING
TO FEAR.



THUS, WITH EACH STEP CARRYING
THEM FURTHER FROM THE ROAD,
THEY RIDE THROUGH THE DENSE
FOREST IN SILENCE... UNTIL--

WAIT-- THE
SOUND OF A HORSE
APPROACHING--
THROUGH THE
BRUSH!



WHO ARE YOU--
AND WHOM DO
YOU SEEK?

I AM DAVID GAMUT
-- A SINGER OF
PSALMS--A MAN OF
PEACE --
A MAN OF
GOD.

I TRUST
YOU JOURNEY
TO FORT
WILLIAM HENRY
-- AND OFFER
YOU THE PRIVILEGE
OF MY COMPANY
AND VOICE.



THE ROAD TAKEN BY THE
ARMY LIES BEHIND YOU, STRANGER
--WE CHOOSE OUR OWN COMPANY
AND HAVE NO NEED OF YOUR
VOICE.

OH, LET
HIM COME
DUNCAN--
HE IS ONE
HOME IF
WE NEED
HIM.

BESIDES,
HIS STRANGENESS
AMUSES ME...



THUS, WITH MAJOR
HEYWARD'S RELUCTANT
CONSENT, THE SMALL
PARTY IS JOINED BY
THE CURIOUS MASTER
OF PSALMODY...

HOW GOOD IT IS,
OH SEE, AND HOW IT
PLEASETH WELL
TOGETHER, EVEN IN
UNITY FOR BROTHERN
SO TO DWELL...



IT'S LIKE THE CHOICE
OF THE CONTINENT, FROM THE
HEAD TO THE BEARD...

TOO MUCH NOISE!
IN WOODS NOISE
IS DANGER!

AND IN THE FACE OF SUCH A
SNARL, THE GENTLE DAVID GAMUT
ABRUPTLY FALLS SILENT.

AND IN SILENCE
THE JOURNEY IS
CONTINUED FOR
MANY HOURS OVER
VAGUE TRAILS AND
THROUGH TRACK-
LESS WILDERNESS
—UNTIL MAGUA
FINALLY HALTS
AND ADMITS...

WHAT—? YOU
ARE LOST—? AFTER
WE PLACED ALL OUR
TRUST AND FAITH
IN YOU...

VERY WELL
THEN MAGUA
—I SHALL ASSUME
THE LEAD NOW...

...AND PRAY
TO PROVIDE
EVIDENCE FOR
SOME MIRACLE
OF GUIDANCE.



ON THE SAME DAY,
AND NOT VERY FAR
AWAY, SIT TWO
FRIENDS WHO SEEM
TO FORM A PART OF
THE VERY FOREST
WHICH SURROUNDS
THEM— AND WHOSE
LONG-STANDING
LOVE FOR EACH OTHER
TRANSCENDS ALL
MATTERS OF HERI-
TAGE AND RACE.

THEY ARE HAWK-
EYE, AN AMERICAN
SCOUT AND CHING-
ACHSOOK, A MO-
HICAN SAGAMORE.
EITHER ONE COULD
WELL BE TERMED A
"MIRACLE OF
GUIDANCE"...

MY PEOPLE, THE MOHICANS,
ARE BUT SPIRITS, HAWK-EYE—
AND I AM HE WHO KNOWS GREAT
SORROW, WHERE THE PINE
ONCE GREW NOW STANDS A
CHESTNUT...

... AND THE FOREST
IS NO LONGER OURS.

THE PALEFACES LANDED AND GAVE MY PEOPLE THE FIREWATER--AND MY PEOPLE DRANK UNTIL THE HEAVENS AND THE EARTH SEEMED TO MEET AND THEY FOOLISHLY THOUGHT THEY HAD FOUND THE GREAT SPIRIT.



THUS, THEY PARTED WITH THEIR LAND-- FOOT BY FOOT, THEY WERE DRIVEN BACK FROM THE SHORES UNTIL I, A CHIEF AND A SAGAMORE, HAVE NEVER SEEN THE SUN SHINE THROUGH THE TREES AND HAVE NEVER VISITED THE GRAVES OF MY FATHERS.

... AND HE IS THE LAST OF THE MOHICANS.



GRAVES BRING SOLEMN FEELINGS OVER THE MIND CHINGACHOOK. ALL YOU HAVE SAID I HAVE HEARD BEFORE AND BELIEVE-- AND THOUGH MY PEOPLE HAVE MANY WAYS I MUST CONDEMN...



... YOU MUST REMEMBER THAT THESE THINGS HAPPENED LONG BEFORE THE ENGLISH CAME TO THIS COUNTRY.

DUTCH OR ENGLISH, HAWK-EYE--WHAT DOES IT MATTER?



MY TRIBE IS THE GRANDFATHER OF INDIAN NATIONS-- THE BLOOD OF CHIEFS FLOWS IN MY VEINS...

BUT ALL OF MY FAMILY HAS GONE TO THE LAND OF THE SPIRITS-- AS I TOO, MUST ONE DAY GO...



... AND WHEN I AM FOLLOWED BY UNCAS THERE WILL NO LONGER BE ANY OF THIS BLOOD-- FOR UNCAS IS MY ONLY SON...



AND A BETTER MOHICAN THERE HAS NEVER LIVED, SAGAMORE... THOUGH HE NOW TAKES LONGER THAN EXPECTED...

YES, HAWK-EYE, BUT MY SON COMES NOW.



DO YOU BRING NEWS AS WELL AS FOOD, UNCAS--?

NEWS OF STRANGE MOC-CASINS, HAWK-EYE. I HAVE BEEN ON THE TRAIL OF THE IROQUIS MINGOES AND KNOW THAT THEY NUMBER AS MANY AS THE FINGERS OF MY TWO HANDS.

BUT THEY LIE HID LIKE COWARDS.

TEN HURONS, THEN -- ON THE SIDE OF THE FRENCH -- AND THE THIEVES ARE PROBABLY LYING IN WAIT FOR SCALPS AND PLUNDER.

WAIT -- THAT SOUND! PERHAPS IT IS --

NO, HAWK-EYE -- IT IS ONLY THE HORSES OF WHITE MEN. THEY ARE YOUR BROTHERS -- SPEAK TO THEM.

THAT I WILL, AND IN ENGLISH EVEN THE KING NEEDN'T BE ASHAMED TO ANSWER. BUT NOW DO YOU KNOW THEY ARE WHITES, SAGANDE, AND NOT REDMEN.

'TIS STRANGE THAT AN INDIAN SHOULD UNDERSTAND WHITE SOUNDS BETTER THAN A MAN WHO IS HIMSELF WHITE...



WHO COMES HERE -- AMONG THE BEASTS AND DANGERS OF THE WILDERNESS?

BELIEVERS IN RELIGION AND FRIENDS OF THE LAW -- THOSE WHO HAVE JOURNEYED SINCE THE RISING SUN WITHOUT NOURISHMENT, AND WHO ARE SADLY TIRED OF THEIR WAYFARING.

YOU ARE LOST, THEN?

WE SEEK THE WAY TO FORT WILLIAM HENRY, HUNSMAN -- BUT OUR GUIDE, MAGUA, IS LOST.

'TIS STRANGE THAT AN INDIAN IS LOST IN THE WOODS -- UNLESS HE IS A THIEVING HURON...

THEN I WILL CERTAINLY QUESTION THE GAUGE AND LEARN IF HE PLANNED, IN TREACHERY, TO LEAD US INTO THE ARMS OF THIS GULKING HAWK PARTY.

BUT AS MAJOR HEYWARD MOVES FORWARD, MAGUA ABRUPTLY SPRINGS TO HIS FEET AND BOLTS INTO THE WOODS...

STAND ASIDE, SOLDIER -- WE CAN'T LET THE WARMINT ESCAPE TO WARN HIS FELLOW HURONS...

THERE IS A BAND OF HURONS ABOARD THIS DAY, IN SEARCH OF SCALPS AS I SUSPECT YOUR "GUIDE" WELL KNOWS...

SWIFTLY SWINGING THE LONG RIFLE TO HIS SHOULDER, HAWK EYE FIRES AT THE FLEEING MAGUA...

MISSED THE DECEITFUL FRIEND--!

IT IS NOT LIKE THIS GOOD RIFLE, KILL-DEER, TO MISS...

MAGUA'S BLOOD, HAWK-EYE...

BUT ONLY A SCRATCHY UNCARE! NO BETTER THAN A MISS. WE DARE NOT FOLLOW HIM-- LEST WE BE LED WITHIN REACH OF THE TOMAHAWKS OF HIS COMRADES.

COME-- WE MUST LEAVE BEFORE THE HURONS ARE UPON US.

BUT SURELY YOU CANNOT MEAN TO DESERT US! YOU MUST REMAIN TO HELP ME DEFEND THOSE I ESCORT!

I AM PREPARED TO OFFER--

TIME TO OFFER PRAYERS, NOT MONEY, THE MOHICANS AND I WILL DO WHAT WE CAN TO KEEP THESE HELPLESS WOMEN FROM HARM-- BUT WITH NIGHT NOW FALLING, IT IS TOO DANGEROUS TO TRAVEL TO THE FORT.

WE WILL GO TO A PLACE WHERE WE MAY LIE UNTIL MORNING-- IF I HAVE YOUR PROMISE TO KEEP ITS LOCATION SECRET.

I SWEAR IT, HUNTSMAN-- BY ALL I HOLD DEAR IF YOU WILL BUT AID US!

THUS, BACK AT THE STREAM...

HIDE THE HORSES WELL, MOHICANS-- AND BRING THE DEER FOR OUR MEAL.

YOU KNOW THE PLACE I MEAN TO REACH.

SOON, UNDER THE SKILLFUL HANDS OF THE SCOUT, THE CANOE IS GUIDED INTO A WILDLY TURBULENT STRETCH OF THE HUDSON RIVER...

SURELY WE WILL CAPSIZE IN THIS VORTEX--AND BE SWEEPED TO DESTRUCTION.

COURAGE, ALICE--OUR DESTINATION LIES DIRECTLY AHEAD.

AND SOON AN ISLAND IN CALM WATER, WITH THIN CATARACTS IS REACHED...

WHERE ARE WE--?

AT THE FOOT OF GLENN'S FALLS-- WAIT HERE ON THE FLAT ROCK WHILE I GO BACK FOR THE INDIANS.

THE RUSH OF THE FALLS WILL MAINTAIN THE NECESSARY SILENCE-- BUT REMAIN OUT OF SIGHT

WITHIN SEVERAL MINUTES THE SCOUT RETURNS WITH HIS TWO FRIENDS...

NOW PERHAPS HE WILL EXPLAIN WHERE WE SHALL FIND EVEN THE SMALLEST SAFETY ON THIS BARE AND FLAT ROCK...

WH--WHAT--? WHERE IS HE GOING--?!

TO PLACE OF SAFETY COME-- WE WILL FOLLOW...

AND BEYOND THE RUSHING FALL OF WATER...

A CAVERN! BUT ARE WE SAFE IN A PLACE WITH BUT ONE ENTRANCE--?

SUCH OLD ADRES AS CHINGACHOOK AND MYSELF ARE NOT OFTEN CAUGHT IN A BURROW WITH ONLY ONE HOLE.

YOU CAN EASILY SEE THE CONVICTIONS OF THE PLACE--

-- WHEN YOU LOOK TO THE OPPOSITE SIDE AND FIND A SECOND ENTRANCE... ALSO MASKED BY A FALL.

NOW THANKS BE TO THE SKILL OF UNCAS, IT IS TIME FOR OUR REPEAT...

HANK-EYE IS AMUSED AS HE WATCHES UNCAS ACTING AS ATTENDANT TO THE FEMALES-- ESPECIALLY THE DARK-HAIRED CORA-- WELL KNOWING THE INDIAN'S MIXTURE OF DIGNITY AND ANXIOUS GONE IS CONTRARY TO THE CUSTOMS OF HIS PEOPLE...

... CUSTOMS WHICH FORBID THEIR WARRIORS TO DESCEND TO MENIAL TASKS, ESPECIALLY IN FAVOR TO WOMEN. BUT THEN, THIS CORA IS A MOST STRIKING WOMAN...



NOW, YOU WHO NEED IT, SEEK YOUR SLEEP-- FOR WE MUST BE AFOOT BEFORE THE SUN RISES.



THE TWO SISTERS OBEY HAWK-EYE'S INSTRUCTION, MAKING THEMSELVES A BED OF Boughs AND LEAVES--



--AS THE SCOUT AND CHINGACHOOK SET THEMSELVES UP AS GUARDS BEFORE ONE ENTRANCE, AND UNCAS SITS WATCH AT THE OTHER--

LOOK AT THIS UNCAS, SISTER-- SUCH A NOBLE, HANDSOME, AND FEARLESS YOUTH HE SEEMS. I THINK HE WILL PROVE A BRAVE AND CONSTANT FRIEND.

PERHAPS MORE THAN A FRIEND, SISTER CORA, OR DOES THE LIGHT IN YOUR GAZE DECEIVE ME--?



WHAT OF IT, ALICE? DO YOU NOT HAVE STALWART DUNCAN TO ATTRACT YOUR EYES...? OR DOES YOUR GAZE DECEIVE--

Howdy!



A CRY NEITHER HUMAN NOR EARTHLY, RISING FROM THE OUTWARD AIR, PENETRATING NOT ONLY THE RECESSES OF THE CAVERN, BUT TO THE INNERMOST HEARTS OF ALL WHO HEAR IT...



WH-WHAT... WAS THAT...?



THE HURON MINGOES ON THE OPPOSITE BANK-- THE POWWER, MOHICANS--!



THEY HAVE DISCOVERED US SOMEHOW-- PERHAPS THE CANOE, IF IT WAS NOT HID WELL-- BUT THERE IS NOTHING TO BE DONE ABOUT IT NOW!

THE WOMEN WILL STAY BEHIND WHILE WE CREEP OUT AND FIRE AT THE DEVILS FROM THE ROCKS!



PRaised BE TO GOD, I AM A MAN OF PEACE AND HAVE NEVER MEDDLED WITH MURDEROUS WEAPONS, BUT IF I CAN HELP YOU LOAD YOUR--



BLAM!

THE PSALM-SINGER! THE POOL HAS BEEN HIT!!

ARKHN--!!

GET HIM UNDER COVER
BEFORE HE TAKES ANY MORE
HOLES IN HIS SKINNY HIDE!

**BLAM!
BLAM!**

AND YOU, YE
PAINTED VARMINTS,
COME ON--KILL
DEER WILL STOP
YOU!!

AND AFTER THE FIRST
FLURRY OF GUNFIRE
THE HURON MINGGES
FALL BACK...

CORA AND ALICE
ARE TENDING TO THE
SINGING MASTER--
THE WOUND SEEMS
NOT TOO SERIOUS.

DO YOU BELIEVE
THE DEVILS WILL
ATTACK AGAIN--?

IS A HUNGRY WOLF
SATISFIED WITH A SINGLE
MOUTHFUL? NO OUR ONLY
HOPE NOW IS AID FROM
COLONEL MONROE--

-- AID WE'LL NOT LIKELY
RECEIVE FOR A LONG TIME
IN COMING SO WE'D BEST--

HAWK-EYE--
UP THERE...



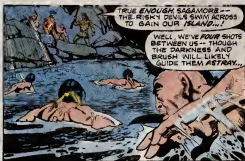
AT THE
TOP OF THE
FALLS...

I SEE THEM,
CHINGACHOOK--FOUR
OF THEM. YOUR EYES ARE
FAIR SHARP, SAGAMORE--
BUT LOOK! ONE OF THE
VARMINTS IS BEING
SWEEPED OVER--!



AND NOW
THE OTHER
THREE ARE
FOLLOWING
THE FIRST--!

THEY WERE NOT SWEEPED
OVER, BROTHER HAWK-EYE--
THEY WISHED TO FALL WITH
THE WATERS.



TRUE ENOUGH, SAGAMORE--
THE RISKY DEVILS SWIM ACROSS
TO GAIN OUR ISLAND...!

WELL, WE'VE FOUR SHOTS
BETWEEN US-- THOUGH
THE DARKNESS AND
BRUSH WILL LIKELY
GUIDE THEM ASTRAY...

TWO OF THE HURONS FALL, ONE TAKING THE FATAL CONTENTS OF KILL-DEER--AND THE OTHER DROPPED BY UNCAS STEADY HAND...



A HUGE HURON MINGO-- THE BIGGEST OF THE TWO, AND WITH FACE ETCHED IN DESIGNS TO INSPIRE FEAR IN THE STOUTEST OF HEARTS --HURTLIES TOWARD HAWK-EYE WITH UPRIGHT TOMAHAWK...



STAY HERE, CHING-ACHGOOK-- PUT POWDER TO RIFLE AND COVER US FROM THOSE ACROSS THE RIVER.

WE'LL TAKE THESE TWO ON THEIR OWN GROUND!

SO SAYING, HAWK-EYE AND UNCAS DRAW THEIR KNIVES AND LEAP FORWARD TO GREET THE HURON'S LUNGE-- WITH HEYWARD NOT FAR BEHIND...

THEY GRAPPLE IN A FIERCE EMBRACE, FITTING MUSCLE AGAINST MUSCLE FOR A SEEMING ETERNITY...



IT IS THE INDIAN WHO WEAKENS FIRST--



-- AND WHOSE HEART FEELS THE POINT OF HAWK-EYE'S BLADE.



TWENTY YARDS DISTANT, ON A SHEER precipice ABOVE RAGING WATER, DUNCAN KEYWARD FINDS HIMSELF PRESSED IN AN EVEN MORE DESPERATE STRUGGLE...



BUT NOW THE HURON
GAINS THE ADVANTAGE
PUSHING HEYWARD BACK
--AND FURTHER BACK
CLOSER TO THE BRINK
OF THE TORTUOUS
PRECIPICE...



...AND AS HEYWARD FEELS
HIS FOOTING SLIP FROM
UNDER HIM--

--A LEANLY MUSCLED
FIGURE STREAKS DOWN
FROM THE HIGHER
LEDGE LIKE A BOLT
FROM THE HEAVENS...



UNCAS--!!

...AND THE SHRIEKING
HURON IS HURLED
INTO A LONG FALL TO
HIS DEATH.



TO COVER LADS--
FOR OUR LIVES! I
COUNT FIVE OF THE
TEN SERPENTS DEAD
--WHICH MEANS OUR
WORK IS BUT HALF
ENDED!



TRUE ENOUGH,
A VOLLEY OF
FIRE ERUPTS
FROM THE
OPPOSITE SHORE
EVEN AS THE
STALWART BAND
FINDS COVER...



THE FIRE IS
RETURNED...

--BUT BEFORE
LONG...



THAT WAS MY LAST
CHANCE, UNCAS--AND
THE HORN IS EMPTY.

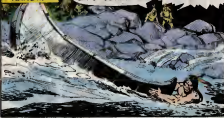
CAN YOU MAKE
IT DOWN TO THE
CANOE--AND
FETCH MORE
POWDER?



BUT AS UNCAS
TURNS TO THE
MISSION AT
HAND...

TOO LATE, BROTHER
HAWK-EYE-- THE
MINGO TAKES OUR
CANOE DOWNRIVER.

THE DIRTY
THIEVING DEVILS
--THEY'VE STOLEN
OUR LAST HOPE!



OUR LAST HOPE--? BUT SURELY THERE MUST BE SOMETHING WE CAN DO?

NOTHING, HEYWARD, EXCEPT PREPARE TO DIE. IT MAY BE AN HOUR OR SO -- BUT WE ARE COMPLETELY AT THEIR MERCY NOW...

YOU MEN HAVE THE STRENGTH TO SAVE YOURSELVES, ENTER THE RIVER--AND LET THE CURRENT SWEEP YOU BEYOND THEIR REACH...!

AND ABANDON YOU LADIES--? NO, CORA, IT IS BETTER FOR A MAN TO DIE AT PEACE WITH HIMSELF THAN TO LIVE WITH AN EVIL CONSCIENCE.

BUT SURELY WE WILL ONLY BE TAKEN CAPTIVE --AND NOT KILLED. BY LEAVING NOW, YOU WILL BE ABLE TO AID US LATER.

NO--!

YOU HAVE COURAGE-- AND WHAT YOU HAVE SPOKEN IS WISE. IF WE STAY, THERE IS HOPE FOR NONE OF US. WE WILL GO.

GOOD-- AND GODSPEED YOU ALL, BUT SHOULD YOU FAIL TO RESCUE US, CARRY TO COLONEL HAYWARD THE LOVE AND FINAL PRAYERS OF HIS DAUGHTERS.

THAT WE WILL GOOD CORA AND MORE!

IF THEY SHOULD CAPTURE YOU AND LEAD YOU AWAY, LEAVE BROKEN TWIGS ALONG YOUR TRAIL TO GUIDE US.

--AND ARE SOON SWEEP DOWNRIVER, WHILE UNCAS REMAINS ON THE BANK, HIS MIEN THAT OF IMPLACABLE PATIENCE.

UNCAS WILL STAY WITH YOU-- PROTECT YOU.

UNCAS... IS IT NOT TIME FOR YOU TO FOLLOW THEM?

ONLY TO INCREASE THE HORROR OF OUR CAPTURE, UNCAS, AND TO DIMINISH THE CHANCES OF OUR RELEASE...!

GO GENEROUS YOUNG MAN-- BE MY PERSONAL MESSENGER TO MY FATHER--AND WE WILL MEET AGAIN.

I IMPLORE YOU, UNCAS--TIS MY WISH--TIS MY PRAYER--!

A HINT OF GLOOM TOUCHES THE YOUNG WARRIOR'S PREVIOUSLY CALM AND SETTLED FACE...

... BUT HE HESITATES NO LONGER.

AND YOU, DUNCAN-- GAMUT IS WOUNDED BUT YOU MAY SAVE YOURSELF.

IF YOU DO NOT YET KNOW HOW I FEEL ABOUT YOU, ALICE, THEN THE TIME YOU LEARNED IS LONG OVERDUE...

THIS, THE SCOUT AND THE SAGAMORE LOWER THEMSELVES INTO THE SWIFTLY FLOWING WATERS--

THE SAVAGES MAY NOT KILL YOU, BUT THERE ARE EVILS WORSE THAN DEATH-- EVILS WHICH MAY BE AVERTED BY THE PRESENCE OF ONE WHO WOULD DIE IN YOUR BEHALF.



DUNCAN HAYWARD'S VOICE IS HOARSE AND THERE IS DEEP COMPASSION IN HIS EYES. THESE THINGS DO NOT FAIL TO TOUCH THE YOUNG ALICE...

... AND REALIZING THAT NO FURTHER ARGUMENT COULD CONQUER THE DEFENSES OF COMPASSION, AND THUS CHANGE DUNCAN'S MIND, SHE TURNS AWAY FROM HIM-- FILLED BOTH WITH HAPPINESS AND MELANCHOLY.

AND TOGETHER, THE SMALL BAND VENTURES BACK TO THEIR CAVERN NEXT TO ENDURE THE ORDEAL OF WAITING.



ALL IS QUIET IN THE CAVERN FOR A LONG WHILE... UNTIL...

... A FRIGHTFUL TUMULT CUTS THROUGH THE NIGHT, EERILY ECHOING THROUGH THE CONFINES OF THE CAVE.



WH--MMD--?!

A WOLF, PERHAPS--?

NO.



MAGUA--THEIR TREACHEROUS GUIDE...

... HIS FACE FRAMED IN AN OPENING OF THE ROCK WALL, PAINTED TO EVOKE ALL THE TERROR HIS SAVAGE ART CAN CONTRIVE.

A SHARP CRY FROM MAGUA BRINGS HIS FIVE COMPANIONS SWIFTLY INTO THE CAVERN. RESISTANCE IS FUTILE...



WHERE IS LA LONGUE CARBINE--THE LONG RIFLE--?

IF YOU MEAN MINK-EYE, HE AND THE MOHICANS HAVE ESCAPED DOWN THE RIVER.

WHY DID WHITE CHIEF STAY? ARE YOU STONE THAT SINKS TO THE BOTTOM.



I STAY BECAUSE NONE BUT COWARDS DESERT THEIR WOMEN WHOM THEY HAVE SWORN TO PROTECT!



THEN YOU WILL STAY WITH WOMEN NOW-- AND YOU WILL COME WITH US--

"...AND WE
WILL SEE IF
YOU ARE NOT
COWARD!"



CARRIED BY CANOE ACROSS THE RIVER, THE BOUND CAP-
TIVES REMAIN SILENT... THOUGH HEYWARD NOTICES THAT CORA
FAINS TO SUPPRESS A SHUDDER EACH TIME MAGUA'S
CRUEL EYES FALL UPON HER FORM.

...BUT REMEMBERING HAWK-
EYE'S INSTRUCTIONS TO LEAVE
SIGNS ALONG THEIR TRAIL,
CORA PUTS HER HANDS TO GOOD
USE.



WARY OF THEIR CAPTORS'
VIGILANT EYES, CORA IS ABLE TO
SNAP TWICE ONLY IN STEALTH...
AND THEN, INFREQUENTLY.

GOOD. NOW MAGUA
WILL HAVE WORDS
WITH THE DARK-
HAIRED ONE.

ALL OTHERS
GO AWAY--
AND SHUT
EARS TO
MAGUA'S
WORDS.



SPEAK TO HIM,
CORA--YOUR LIFE AND
ALICE'S DEPEND ON IT.

REACHING THE FOREST, THE TWO
SISTER'S HANDS ARE FREED AND
THEY ARE ALLOWED TO RIDE MOUNTS
ON A JOURNEY WHICH LEADS AWAY
FROM FORT WILLIAM HENRY...



DEEP WITHIN THE
FOREST, THE PARTY
FINALLY STOPS FOR
REST...



IS WHITE CHIEF
MUNRO'S HEART
SOFT FOR HIS
CHILDREN--?

NO MAN LOVES
HIS DAUGHTERS
MORE, MAGUA.

HE WILL GIVE YOU
A GREAT REWARD
FOR THEIR SAFE
RETURN.

THUS, BELIEVING THAT MAGUA
WISHES ONLY TO DISCUSS THE
TERMS OF RANSOM, HEYWARD
ALLOWS THE SAVAGE TO SPEAK
TO CORA IN PRIVACY...

LISTEN! MAGUA WANTS NO
REWARD--NO MONEY. MAGUA
GREAT HURON CHIEF-- FIRST
FIGHT ON SIDE OF MONT-
CALM'S FRENCH-- THEN
FIGHT ON SIDE OF
BRITISH.



BUT WHEN MAGUA
DRANK FIREWATER AND
BECAME DRUNK, BRITISH CHIEF
MUNRO HAD MAGUA TIED UP
AND WHIPPED LIKE A DOG!

NOW MAGUA FIGHTS
AGAIN ON THE SIDE OF
THE FRENCH--AND NOW
MAGUA HAS MUNRO'S
DAUGHTERS-- TO KILL
IF HE PLEASES...

...BUT MAGUA NOT
KILL YOU-- MAGUA
WISHES GREATER
REVENGE...







COURAGEOUS AS THE ACTION IS, IT SEEMS DOOMED TO FAILURE-- FOR THE HURON THROWS HEYWARD TO THE GROUND AND RAISES HIS TOMAHAWK TO STRIKE THE FATAL BLOW...



BUT--

ARRGH--!

... A DEADLY SHOT RINGS OUT...



... A SHOT FIRED BY THE LONG RIFLE KILL-DEER.

EXTERMINATE THE VARLETS!!

NO QUARTER TO AN ACCURSED MINGO!



BACK, YE VARMIN'T-- FOR KILL-DEER SLAYS FROM BOTH ENDS!!

SWOKE!



UNCAS-- QUICKLY, UNCAS--!!



THIS, THE LAST OF THE FIVE HURONS FALLS UNDER UNCAS' SWIFTLY FLASHING BLADE...

...LEAVING ONLY MAGUA TO ESCAPE-- SPRINGING INTO THE THICKET LIKE AN AGILE CAT.



A VALIANT TRY--SAGAMORE-- BUT THE SLY REPTILE IS TOO FAR GONE...

...FOR YOUR TOMAHAWK AND OUR CHASE ALIKE.

YOU HAVE PROVED YOURSELVES WORTHY OF A CHRISTIAN'S PRAISE, MY FRIENDS-- ANOTHER MOMENT AND IT WOULD HAVE BEEN TOO LATE!



YOU MAY THANK ONCAS, FRIEND GAMUT-- IT WAS HE WHO FOUND YOUR BROKEN TWIGGS.

NOW WE MUST HURRY-- BEFORE MONTCALM'S FRENCH ARMY CUTS US OFF FROM FORT WILLIAM HENRY.

AFTER A DAY AND NIGHT OF HARD JOURNEY, THEY ARRIVE NEAR THE SHORES OF THE MICHIGAN, WITHIN EASY RANGE OF THE FORT...



WELL, THIS FOG WILL SHIELD US FROM THE EYES OF MONTCALM'S SOLDIERS-- BUT WILL ALSO PREVENT US FROM FINDING OUR WAY TO THE FORT...



HEAR THE CANNONS! -- MONTCALM HAS ENGAGED THE FORT IN BATTLE...



AYE-- AND THE EFFORTS OF THEIR BATTLE ARE SPILLING TOO CLOSE IN THIS DIRECTION!

GET DOWN!!

FRASH-AIT



FOLLOW TO FORT!

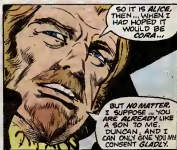
SMART LAD! THE PATH OF THIS CANNONBALL WILL LEAD US UP TO THE FORT'S RAMPARTS.

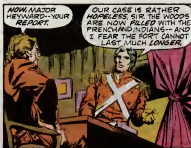
THUS, STEALTHILY FOLLOWING THE PATH CLEARED THROUGH THE BRUSH, THE SMALL BAND PUSHES ITS WAY PAST THE SHADDOY FIGURES OF FRENCH SOLDIERS...



WHO GOES THERE--?

HOLD YOUR FIRE! IT IS THE DAUGHTERS OF COLONEL MUNRO -- AND THEIR FRIENDS!





ABSENT: THE VICTOR MONTCALM WALKS NEAR THE FORT HE HAD CONQUERED AND WALKS CONSIDERING THE THOUGHTS WHICH ARE HIS ONLY COMFORT. NOW HE NOTICES A MAN APPROACHING FROM THE LAKE...

WHO...?

MASUA! BUT WHAT IS THE MEANING OF THIS? WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE--?

MASUA AND MURON GAVE HERE TO FIGHT... TO TAKE SCALPS!

BUT NOW ALL PALEFACES MAKE FRIENDS-- NO FIGHT!

THAT IS RIGHT, MASUA-- THE HATCHET HAS BEEN BURIED AND THERE WILL BE NO BLOOD-SHED.

MASUA IS A GREAT CHIEF-- AND YOU MUST PROVE THIS BY GOING TO YOUR PEOPLE AND TELLING THEM HOW TO CONDUCT THEMSELVES WITH OUR NEW FRIENDS. NOW GO, MASUA.

MASUA GO-- BUT MASUA DOES NOT FORGET HOW BRITISH WHITE CHIEF WHINNED WITH LIKE A DOG!

AND AS THE SLEEN SAVAGE SLINKS AWAY, THE FRENCH GENERAL'S FACE BEARS THE UNMISTAKABLE SIGNS OF HURRY.

MEANWHILE: COLONEL MURON'S DEFEATED BRITISH TROOPS EVACUATE THE LONG-HELD FORT. THEIR GUNS EMPTY... BUT THEIR FLAGS FLYING HIGH...

MONTCALM'S FRENCH ARMY STANDS TO THE SIDE... WAITING...

KAWK-EYE AND THE TWO INDIANS HAVE ALREADY LEFT THE FORT, TO HUNT THE SURROUNDING WOODS... AND NOW AS MAJOR DUNCAN MYNARD LEANS DOWN FROM HIS MOUNT THE BAND OF PRISONERS IS FURTHER SEPARATED...

I MUST RIDE AHEAD WITH THE TROOPS, DEAR ALICE-- BUT ALICE WILL LOOK AFTER YOU AND CORA...

...AND PERHAPS GIVE YOU A FEW PEASAS AS WELL.

VERY WELL, DUNCAN. TAKE CARE.

AND SO THE LONG COLUMN MOVES ON ENTERING THE DEEPER FOREST WHERE THEIR PROGRESS IS SILENTLY WATCHED BY INDIANS GATHERED ON EITHER SIDE... DARK STORM CLOUDS WAITING TO BURST FORTH IN VIOLENCE...

WHY MUST THEY WATCH US SO CONSTANTLY--?

CORA LOOK-- THAT INDIAN OVER THERE IS IT NOT--

"...MAGUA!"

NOWOO-YU-YU-YU-YU!!

...AND MORE THAN TWO THOUSAND ENRAGED INDIANS BREAK FROM THE WOODS TO ASSAIL THEMSELVES UPON THE BRITISH.

DEATH TO ALL PALEFACES-- SCALPS FOR ALL MAGUA'S FOLLOWERS!!

HE MOVES-- LIKE A MADDED BEAST OF THE JUNGLE FOREST...

THE BRITISH ARE WITHOUT AMMUNITION-- UTTERLY DEFENSELESS IN THE FACE OF THIS HORRIFYING ATTACK...

HISTORY WILL PLACE A NAME ON THIS DREADFUL EVENT-- "THE MASSACRE OF FORT WILLIAM HENRY"-- AND WILL JUDGE THAT BETWEEN FIVE AND FIFTEEN HUNDRED MEN ARE NOW BEING SLAUGHTERED

LADIES-- IT IS THE JUBILEE OF THE ARMY, AND NOT A FIT PLACE FOR CHRISTIANS TO MOURN!

AS I HAVE SWORN TO PROTECT YOU-- LET UP AND RAY FROM HERE!

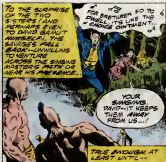
NO--! WHAT OF ANOTHER-- AND ANOTHER-- H GO. BUT IF YOU MUST BUT LEAVE US HERE TO SEEK OUR LOVED ONES!



BUT BEFORE THE SISTERS CAN VENTURE EVEN A DOZEN STEPS, THEIR PRESENCE IS NOTICED BY THE BLOODTHIRSTY SAVAGES...

STAND BACK, LADIES! I CANNOT FIGHT... BUT PERHAPS I CAN TRICK THEIR WICKED SPIRITS WITH WORDS!

HOW GOOD IT IS, O SEE AND HOW IT PLEASETH WELL, TOGETHER, I'EN IN UNITY...



TO THE SURPRISE OF THE TWO SISTERS (AND PERHAPS EVEN TO DAVID BANUT HIMSELF), THE SAVAGES WILL BACK--UNWILLING TO VENTURE ACROSS THE ENIGMA MASTER'S PATH OR NEAR HIS ABSENCE...

FOR BROTHEREN SO TO DRILL, IT'S LIKE TWO SHARDS ON TANTEN...

YOUR SINGING, DAVID--IT KEEPS THEM AWAY FROM US...!

TRUE ENOUGH AT LEAST UNTIL...



--MAGUA! APPEARS.

WILL THE DARK-HAIRED ONE NOW COME TO MAGUA'S HYMN--?

NEVER! IF YOU STILL SEEK REVENGE THEN COMPLETE YOUR WORK NOW!



ABRUPTLY, MAGUA CATCHES ALICE'S FANTASY FORM AND SHIRTS OFF WITH HER... WELL KNOWING THE DORM AND BANUT WILL FOLLOW...

WELL, WRETCH--! I WILL COME WITH YOU--IF YOU WILL ONLY SPARE MY SISTER FROM MAGUA!!



THUS, THE MASSACRE IS LEFT BEHIND IN PIVOTING MOLE AND SCREAMS OF AGONY, AS MAGUA LEADS HIS THREE CAPTIVES DEEP INTO THE FOREST...

...AND TO THE ROOM OF MORE THAN ONE.



THREE DAYS LATER, LONG AFTER THE FEW SURVIVORS HAVE CRAWLED AWAY FROM THE BLOODY SCENE OF MASSACRE HAVE MEN SEARCH AMONG THE DEAD IN VAIN...

NOT EVEN THEIR BODIES! MY CHILDREN-- WHERE ARE THEY? GIVE ME MY CHILDREN!

WE WILL TRY COLONEL MUNDO IN THE MEANTIME, YOU MUST TAKE HEART AND--

WHAKE-EYE-- HERE!



WHAT IS IT, LUCAS?
WHAT HAVE YOU FOUND LAD?

A PIECE OF
CLOTHING--
WORN BY THE
AMARK-WARRED
ONE.

BUT WHAT OF
ALICE--?



NO SIGN OF HER,
HEYWARD, UNLESS THAT
SHINING BAUBLE
THERE...

YES! IT IS THE
TALISMAN! SHE HAD
WHEN I LAST SAW
HER! THEN SHE
MAY YET LIVE--!



WHAT IS IT YOU SEE NOW,
LUCAS--MORE SIGNS?

THE DEER
HAWK-EYE-- THE
BOOT-MARKS OF THE
SHINING AMSTER,
AND THE MOCCASIN
OF MAGUI...

A HORSE IS WITH THEM--CARRYING
ONE WHO IS HEAVY...OR TWO WHO
ARE LIGHT.



YOUR DAUGHTERS ARE CAPTIVES OF
MAGUI, THEN, AND HEADED
NORTH--PROBABLY FOR THE
HURON CAMP IN CANADA.

WE CAN FOLLOW
MORE QUICKLY BY
CANOE AND PICK
UP THEIR TRAIL AT
THE NORTHERN
END OF THE
LAKE.

THE LENGTH OF THE
AMERICAN-- A
BEAUTIFUL SHEET OF
WATER DOTTED BY
MANY ISLANDS, BUT
WHOSE BEAUTY IS
LITTLE APPRECIATED
AT THE MOMENT AND
UNDER THE PRESSING
CIRCUMSTANCES--
IS TRAVERSED BY
CANOE...



...AND AT THE
MOUNTAIN-TOP
OF THE LAKE...

NOW, IF LUCAS CAN
BUT LOCATE THEM--



ALICE--THE FOOT
OF THE AMARK-WARRED
ONE--GOING TOWARD
THE ARCTIC.

STILL NORTH, THEN--
BUT GRIMLY NOW...

WE NEAR AN
ENCAMPMENT OF
AMMOBES.

AFTER ADVANCING
RAPIDLY THROUGH
THE WOODS, THE
SMALL BAND
COMES UPON--

AN INDIAN... BUT THE WIP IS NOT A
MURDER, CAN YOU SEE WHERE HE HAS
PUT HIS ANGLE OR BOW--?

HE APPEARS NOT
TO HAVE ANY
WEAPONS-- NOW DOES
HE SEEM WONDERFULLY
MCKINER.



STAY HERE--
I WILL CREEP UP
ON THE WARIANT
AND PRIZE HIM.



STEALING WITHIN
STARKING REACH
OF THE MAN'S
BACK, MANK-EYE
RAISES HIS
KNIFE AND--



HOLD--
THIS IS NO
MURDER!

EV...?!

PERHAPS THERE'S SOMETHING TO
BE SAID FOR THE WAYS OF YOUR
PEACEFUL SINGING FRIEND
SAMUT. THAT FOOTING PIPE
HAS JUST SAVED YOUR LIFE.



MANK-EYE--!
PRIZE THE LORD
AND SING HIS NAME
THAT YOU ARE
WELL!

AND AFTER
MANK-EYE
HAS CALLED
THE OTHERS--



TELL
ME, MAN--
WHAT HAS
BECOME OF MY
DAUGHTERS?

THEY ARE CAPTIVES,
COLONEL MUNRO--
BUT THOUGH
TROUBLED IN SPIRIT
THEY ARE WELL IN
BODY.

ALICE IS
RETAINED AMONG
THE WOMEN OF
THE WINGBOW--
IN THE WINGBOW
VILLAGE ONLY
TWO MILES
HENCE...

... BUT FOR SOME REASON MANKA WOULD NOT
TRUST GORDA TO HIS OWN TRIBE, THUS, SHE IS
KEPT IN SEPARATE-- HELD BY A WINGBOW-
AND TRIBE WHOSE LODGES LIE BEYOND
YONDER BLACK ROCK.



AND WHAT
TRIBE IS
THIS?

I DO NOT KNOW THE NAME OF THEIR TRIBE, UNCAS, BUT THEY BEAR THE LIKENESS OF A TORTOISE IN THEIR CEREMONIAL PAINT.

TORTOISE-- THEN THEY ARE DELAWARES.



THE MONKANS ARE THE NEW BLOOD OF THE DELAWARES, AND HONORED AS GREAT CHIEFS AMONG THEM.

BUT WHY ARE YOU ALLOWED TO GO AT LARGE, GANUT-- UNWATCHED?



I SING SACRED SONGS TO THEM--AND THE POWER OF MY PRIMALS HAS INFLUENCE EVEN OVER THE SOULS OF HEATHENS.

THEY THINK HE IS NOT RIGHT IN THE HEAD, AND SUFFER HIM TO COME AND GO AT WILL--AS THEY SUFFER ALL MADMEN.

THEN BETWEEN GANUT AND THE MONKANS, SURELY WE CAN RESCUE ALICE AND CORA! IF CHINBACHOOK AND HIS SON ARE HELD IN CAPTIVITY BY THE PEOPLE WHO HOLD CORA--

IT IS TRUE, HEYWARD THAT THE SARASORE AND UNCAS ARE GREAT CHIEFS AMONG THE DELAWARE TURTLE CLAN-- BUT SOME OF THE DELAWARES HAVE TAKEN TO FIGHTING ALONGSIDE THE ARIZONS--



--AND THEREFORE IT IS A DANGEROUS PATH WE TREAD, FOR A FRIEND WHOSE FACE IS TURNED FROM YOU OFTEN BEARS A AVIND DWELLING ON BLOOD.

OUR BEST COURSE IS TO JOURNEY, UNCAS AND I WILL VENTURE INTO THE DELAWARE CAMP AND CONTRIVE TO SAVE CORA-- WHILE GANUT RETURNS TO THE HURON CAMP TO PREPARE ALICE FOR OUR LATER ARRIVAL...

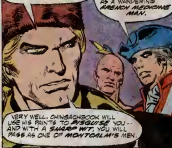
THE REST WILL REMAIN HERE SHOULD SOMETHING SO HAPPEN.



AND I WILL ACCOMPANY GANUT TO SEEK OUT ALICE! I MUST--!

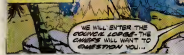
ARE YOU SO FIRM OF FEELS THE SUN RISE AND SET, HEYWARD--?

THEY WILL NOT MIND ME--NOT IF I PASS MYSELF OFF AS A WANDERING BENEVOLENT ALONCHIE MAN.



VERY WELL, CHINBACHOOK WILL USE HIS PRINTS TO MISLEAD YOU-- AND WITH A SHARP HIT, YOU WILL PASS AS ONE OF MONTICLAIN'S MEN.

THIS GANUT AND HEYWARD SOON REACH THE HURON VILLAGE WHERE ALICE IS SAID TO BE HELD PRISONER...



WE WILL ENTER THE COONCE LODGE--THE CHIEFS WILL WANT TO QUESTION YOU...

FATHER MONTGOMERY SENDS ME
KNOWS YOU TO TEND TO YOUR
SICK. I WEAR THE MASK
OF MY RED BROTHERS TO
SHOW THAT I AM A GREAT
MEDICINE MAN --

I SEE NO OTHER CAPTIVES
RIND -- NOT ANIM--EYE NOR
GOWN. DOES THAT MEAN THEY
HAVE BEEN --

LOOK --
THE CHIEF
SEEMS FOR
THE GAUNTLET
TO BEGIN...

ON SIGNAL, LINDAS
RACES DOWN THE
NARROW ROW
BETWEEN THE TWO
FACING LINES OF
ARSON WARRIORS...

WEAPONS RISE
BEFORE HIM...

...AND FALL BEHIND
HIM...

HE RUNS
LIKE A
DEER!

BUT STILL HE RACES
DOWN THAT READLY
ROW BROWING AND
DROPPING THE
SHOOF AND FALL OF
EACH CLUB ARMED
AT HIM...

...AND THOUGH
IT SEEMS
IMPOSSIBLE
THAT ANY MAN
COULD SURVIVE
SUCH
OBSTACLES--

NOT A CLUB
REACHES
HIM!

--LINDAS
REACHES THE
GAUNTLET'S
END AND SCATHED...

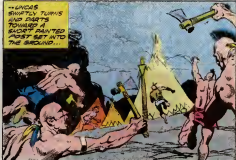
...AND BOUNDS TOWARD THE
SAFETY OF THE SURROUNDING
FOREST.

HE TRIES
TO ESCAPE!!
**STOP
HIM!!**

SEEING THAT
ALL PATHS
OF ESCAPE
ARE BLOCKED
TO HIM--



--UNCAS
SWIFTLY TURNS
AND DARTS
TOWARD A
SHORT PAINTED
POST SET INTO
THE GROUND...



REACHING THE
POST UNCAS
WHEELS WITH
HIS BACK TO IT...
ARMS CALMLY
FOLDED ACROSS
HIS CHEST.



WHAT HAS HAPPENED
DAVID WHY DO THEY NOT
FALL UPON HIM--?

IT IS THE SACRED
STAKE, PUNCA--ANY
PRISONER WHO REACHES
THAT POST IS PROTECTED
UNTIL THE COUNCIL MEETS
AND DECIDES HIS FATE.



HOPEING HE
IS NOT
ADVISOR,
HEYWARD
CONTRIVES
TO PASS THE
SACRED
STAKE...



UNCAS--WHAT HAS
HAPPENED TO THE--

THE OTHERS ARE
SAFE, NOW GO--
WE MUST BE
STRANGERS
HERE.

COME, PELAGARE--
WE WILL GO TO THE
COUNCIL LOBBE.



--HEYWARD EMBELS THE RISKY
BUSINESS OF FOLLOWING THEM
TO THE COUNCIL LOBBE.



THE HORNS
SURROUND
HIM, BUT COME
NO CLOSER.

ANXIOUS TO LEARN WHAT HIS
FRIEND'S FATE IS TO BE--

YOU HAVE BEATEN THE
GLADIATOR AND PROVEN
YOURSELF A MAN.
BEHOLD, THIS HAS NEVER
BEEN DONE BEFORE.

THUS, YOU MAY REST
IN PEACE UNTIL THE
MORNING SUN--
WHILE WE DECIDE IF YOU
SHALL LIVE OR DIE.

NO!

ALL TODAY
TO SEEK THE
AUTHOR OF
THE VOICE...

MASUA!
IF HE SHOULD
RECOGNIZE
US, WE ARE
BORN LOST--

THIS IS ENDER--
THE MOKAN OF
WHOM I HAVE
SPOKEN! AND I
TELL YOU AGAIN--
HE MUST DIE!!

I HAVE TOLD YOU OF
THE ARMY ALL
I HAVE SUFFERED AT
THE HANDS OF THIS
MOKAN AND HIS
FRIENDS!

AS I AM NOW A
GRIEF ABOVE YOU
YOU MUST LISTEN
TO ME WHEN I SAY HE
MUST DIE!!

MASUA HAS BEEN
HEARD-- KILL
THE MOKAN--!!

NO--!!

HE CANNOT DIE
SO QUICKLY!

KRATCH

AND AS UNCA IS LED AWAY,
HEYWARD WATCHES IN HELP-
LESS ANXIETY...

IF ONLY THERE WERE A WAY TO
SAVE THE NOBLE LAD! PERHAPS
IF ANIMALS WERE HERE, HE
COULD--

YES-- YOU WHO
CLAIM TO KNOW
THE FRENCH ARTS OF
HEALING...

HE MUST BE MADE TO
DIE SLOWLY--WE MUST
SEE HIS HATED FLESH
GIVEN FROM OUR
TORTURE...

...OR OUR
REVENGE WILL
BE MEAN.



WHY...?

WHAT DOES MY RED BROTHER WANT?

YOU WILL COME WITH ME TO THE CAMP WHERE A YOUNG SQUAW LIES IN SICKNESS...



AND YOU WILL FRIGHTEN THE EVIL SPIRITS OUT OF HER BODY.

I WILL TRY MY BROTHER, WITH ALL THE HEALING POWERS AT MY COMMAND. GAMUT HAS REMAINED BEHIND TO KEEP UP OUR PRETENSE. I WILL SEEK HIM OUT LATER.

AND AS DUNGAN REVERED ME, HE LED OUT OF THE VILLAGE--



HE DESPERATELY SEEKS A GLIMPSE OF HIS BELOVED ALICE... TO NO AVAIL.

IF ONLY I COULD SEARCH MORE THOROUGHLY--LOOK BEHIND THESE LOGS--

BUT I MUST FOLLOW THIS HUNCH--TO HIS CAMP, WILL I NOT GET A CHANCE TO SEEK ALICE WITHOUT AROUSING SUSPICION--?

BEYOND THE VILLAGE, MEYHARD IS LED TO THE BASE OF A MOUNTAIN WHOSE SIDE IS CUT WITH A NATURAL STONE STRAIGHTWAY LEADING UP TO THE MOUTH OF A CAVE.

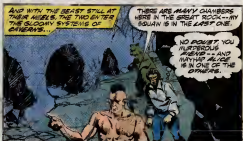


THERE IS A SOFT SQUEALING AND THRILLING SOUND BEHIND THEM...



A BEAR--I BUT THE HURON DOES NOT SEEM FRIGHTENED BY THE BEAST.

IT MUST BE A PET--I'VE HEARD THE INDIANS OFTEN DOMESTICATE SUCH ANIMALS.



AND WITH THE BEAST STILL AT THEIR HEELS, THE TWO ENTER THE GLOOMY SYSTEM OF CAVERNS...

THERE ARE MANY CHAMBERS HERE IN THE GREAT ROCK--MY SQUAW IS IN THE LAST ONE.

NO DOUBT YOU MURDEROUS BEAST--AND MAYHAP ALICE IS IN ONE OF THE OTHERS.

REACHING THE RESCUE
OF THE SICK WOMAN...

LEAVE US NOW--
THE FRENCH CHIEF
MUST MAKE STRONG
MEDICINE!



AND WHEN THE WOMAN
ATTENDANTS HAVE DEPARTED
THE CAVE...

NOW LET MY BROTHER
SHOW HIS POWER.
DRIVE THE SPIRITS FROM HER
PYING BODY BEFORE
IT IS--



ARISE, JEALOUS ONE!
I DO NOT SEEK TO INTERFERE
WITH YOUR ARTS--!

I WILL GO
NOW--!



THE HURON
QUICKLY FLEES
THE CAVERN...
AS THE BEAR
TURNS ON HEYWARD.

BACK, BEAST! I KNOW NOT
HOW TO BEST SURRENDER MYSELF
FROM YOUR ATTACK, BUT
I WILL SURRENDER YOUR LIFE
BEFORE MINE!

SO YOU
WOULD KILL
MR. HEYWARD--?



NOT THE SORT OF WELCOME
I'D EXPECT FROM A FRIEND.

NAWK-EYE--!!

BUT WHY
THIS STRANGE
MISQUERADE--?



WHY ELSE BUT TO RESCUE THE GIRL AND
LUCAS, WHOSE RECKLESS COURAGE LED
TO HIS CAPTURE. THE LAD AND I WERE
SEPARATED, BUT I SAW HIM LED INTO
AMBIUSH BY THESE AURORY ANIMAGES.

I STARTED
AFTER THEM,
THINKING ON A WAY
TO AID LUCAS'
ESCAPE...



AS LUCK WOULD HAVE IT, I CAME UPON A **REDONKLE HAWK** CONJURER OF THE TRIBE WHO WAS IN THE ACT OF PRESSING HIMSELF IN THIS CAVE. **MOONAL BEARSKIN**.

A RAP ON THE HEAD STRUCK ME, AND I MADE FREE WITH HIS **ARMORY**--WITH NO ONE THE WISER, INCLUDING HIM.

BUT TELL ME--WHERE IS THE GENTLE ONE WITH THE **ROSE MAJOR**?

I DO NOT KNOW, FRIEND **HAWK-EYE**. I HAVE LOOKED THROUGH THE VILLAGE AS BEST I COULD--AND **ALICE** IS NOWHERE TO BE FOUND.

THEN LET US **SEPARATE** AND SEARCH THE OTHER CHAMBERS OF THIS CAVERN.

AYE, **HAWK-EYE**--AND WE SHALL MEET BACK HERE.

AFTER SEARCHING THREE CHAMBERS AND FINDING NOTHING, **KEYWARD** PAUSES OVER A ROCK BASIN FILLED WITH WATER. HE WASHES **GRIMMABOOK'S** MANT FROM HIS FACE, NEVER SEEING THE GLOOM-SHADOWED FIGURE IN THE CHAMBER BEYOND.

PUNGAN...

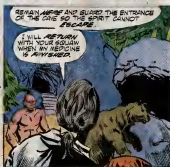
EH--?

ALICE--AT LAST! THANK PROVIDENCE THAT I'VE FOUND YOU!

PUNGAN--IT IS YOU! I KNEW YOU WOULD NEVER DEFEAT ME!

YOUR FATHER IS WAITING--WE MUST GO AT ONCE!

NEAREST **ALICE**, IF ONLY YOU KNEW HOW MY HEART IS--







REMEMBER--WE ARE THEIR FAVORITE CAPTIVE AND MADMAN. WE MUST PLAY OUR PARTS WELL.

REACHING THE LODGE WHERE THE PRISONER IS HELD...



WOULD MY BROTHERS WISH TO SEE US WORK EVIL MAGIC ON THE DELAYING GAMES--?

CAN YOU MAKE HIM WEED LIKE A WOMAN AT THE STAGE--AND BES FOR AFFECTION? THAT WOULD BE GOOD MAGIC!



WE CAN DO THAT AND MORE IF YOU LET US ENTER. BUT STAND FAR BACK--OR THE EVIL BREATH WILL CAST ITS SPELL ALSO ON YOU!



GO INSIDE--WE WILL STAND BACK AND LISTEN FOR THE DOG'S HOWLS.



FREE HIM, SAUVUT WALE I SAID THIS EARLY.

AMMIE-EE-- YOU ARE WELL.



AYE, LAD--NOW PUT ON THIS SKIN AND ESCAPE WITH THE SAVING MASTER.

NEVER, HANK-EYE-- I WILL NOT ESCAPE TO LEAVE YOU BEHIND.

TAKE MY CLOTHES, HANK-EYE--AND YOU ESCAPE WITH UNCAS. THEY WILL BE LESS LIKELY TO HARM ME.



SPOKEN LIKE A BRAVE MAN AND SAUVUT.

MORE THAN ONCE WAS UNCAS BATTLED BRAVELY IN MY BEHALF, AND AS A CHRISTIAN IN PENULT GRATITUDE I CAN DO NO LESS THAN RARE THIS ACT IN MY BEHALF.

THEN AS GANUT
IMPROVISES
THE SOUNDS OF
HOWLING IN A
VOICE HE HOPES
WILL PASS FOR
THAT OF
DEVILS...



OUR MAGIC IS
GONE, MY BROTHERS
--HEAR THE DELAWARE
UNCES KEEP LIKE A
WOMAN.

REACHING THE
PERIMETER OF
THE VILLAGE,
THE SCOUT
CHARGES A
BACKWARD
GLANCE...



THE DEVILS ARE
IMPATIENT TO
WITNESS YOUR SNAKE,
UNCES--THEY ENTER
THE LODGE.

AND AS CRIES OF RAGE ISSUE FROM
THE LODGE, ANNOUNCING THAT THE
RECEPTION HAS BEEN DISCOVERED.



COME, UNCES--WE
MUST BE OFF **SWIFTLY**
NOW!! TO THE CAMP OF
YOUR GRANDFATHER'S
CHILDREN--THE
DELAWARES!

WITHIN THE LODGE, GANUT BURST
INTO APERATIONAL SONGS
AND THE ENRAGED MORGUS--
READY TO SLAY HIM--HALT
THEIR ACTIONS AS THEY ARE
REMOVED OF HIS BELIEVED
INFIRMITY...

A MISTBORN OF EGYPT, SAUTE
DID ME OF AMANAND, AND OF
BEST ALSO, C. EGYPT, OF
WONDERS, SENT AMST THERE
ON AMANAND AND HIS
SERVANTS TOO!



THIS, INSTEAD
THE SIX MARCH
GUARDS GO TO
THE COUNCIL
LODGE AND
MORAN THEIR
CHIEFS OF THE
ESCAPE...



DOES MABRA
KNOW OF THIS?

MABRA IS NOT
HERE--HE WENT TO
THE CAVE WHERE THE
SICK ONE LIES, TO SEE
THE YELLOWHAIR
PALEFACE SQUAW,
AND HAS NOT
RETURNED.

A SOLEMN
PROCESSION OF TEN CHIEFS
IS SELECTED TO
INVESTIGATE
THE MATTER...



MABRA IS
DISCOVERED IN
THE CAVE, AND
KILLED.

NOW SEETHING
WITH CRUEL
WRATH, MABRA
RETURNS TO
THE COUNCIL
LODGE...



YOU SAY EVIL SPIRITS
ENABLED OUR PRISONERS
TO ESCAPE--BUT I TELL
YOU IT WAS LA LOUPE
CHIEF--THE PRISONER
DIED THAT DAY.

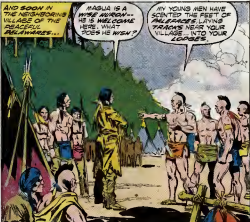
OUR ANKIMERE TELL US THEY HAVE FOUND THE TREASURE OF OUR PRISONERS LEADING TO THE VILLAGE OF THE DELAWARES--THEY WHO HOLD THE DARK-ARMED SQUAW FOR ME!

I TELL YOU NOW THAT I WILL GO TO THE DELAWARES--AND CLAIM WHAT IS MINE--WHAT IS MINE'S!!

AND SOON IN THE NEIGHBORING VILLAGE OF THE PEACEFUL DELAWARES...

MAGUA IS A WISE WARRIOR-- HE IS WELCOME HERE. WHAT DOES HE WISH?

MY YOUNG MEN HAVE SCENTED THE FEET OF PALEFACES LEAVING TRAILS NEAR YOUR VILLAGE-- INTO YOUR LOGS.



THAT IS SO.

AND DID MY WISE BROTHER REMIND-- YOU WHO ARE THE GREAT CHIEF OF THE DELAWARES-- BEAT THE DOGS OUT?

THE STRANGER, YES-- BUT NOT THE PALEFACE SPOY. AMONG YOU IS LA COMBUE CHABINE-- THE PALEFACE ANKIMERE. BUT YOU ARE WISE GREAT TAKENERS AND I NEED NOT REMIND YOU OF WHAT THE PALEFACES HAVE DONE TO OUR PEOPLES...

...NOW THEY HAVE PRISON YOUR TRIBE OF THE DELAWARES AWAY FROM THEIR HOMES BY THE SEA. NOR NEED I REMIND YOU OF YOUR FIRST GREAT LOSS-- YOUR PRESENT ANGER AND DEFEAT.

...HOW THEY HAVE STOLEN OUR LANDS. HOW THEY HAVE KILLED OUR GAME.

MY TONGUE IS STILL NOW... MY HEART IS ASHY.

THAT WOULD NOT DO. THE STRANGER IS ALWAYS WELCOME AMONG THE DELAWARES.

WHY SPEAK OF THE GOOD THAT IS NOW LOST? WHAT BRINGS YOU HERE? SPEAK, HURON!

MAGUA COMES FOR THE PRISONERS WHO ARE ASH. HE ASKS FOR JUSTICE!





JUSTICE IS THE
LAW OF THE
DELAWARES!

IF THEY ARE
YOUR PRISONERS,
TAKE THEM AND
REPENT!



BUT AS PASQU'S
MURDER REVEALS
TO LEAD THE
PRISONERS AWAY,
CORA BREAKS FREE
AND ARRIVES TO
TAVERNAND IN
RESERATION...

WISE TALKING--
THE HURON DOES
POISON YOUR EARS
WITH AGGRESSIONS!

IS THE HURON
SPEAKS FALSE-ODDS.
WHAT WOULD YOU
SPEAK--?

THE PALEFACES
ARE A MURDER
RACE WHO WOULD
STRIP THE FORESTS
BARE AND EAT THE
VERY BIRTH!
NOW GO!



PLEASE WAIT... HAVE
MERCY BEFORE YOU LET
THE WIND REPORT IN
TAVERNAND! THERE IS ONE
OF YOUR OWN PEOPLE
AMONG US WHOM YOU HAVE
NOT SEEN--LET HIM
SPEAK!

WHERE IS
THIS PRISONER
OF WHOM YOU
SPEAK?



WITH WHAT TONGUE
DOES THE PRISONER PRAY
TO THE HAWK?

LIKE HIS FATHERS,
WITH THE TONGUE OF
THE DELAWARES.



THEN HE WHO HAS
REJECTED HIS TRIBE
IS PROBABLY A TRAITOR!
I HAVE SEEN THE TRIBES
OF THE DELAWARES
SCATTERED BY THE
PALEFACES LIKE BROKEN
HERDS OF DEER!

AND NOW HERE IS
A DELAWARE WHO
IS LIKE A BOB OF
THE WHITE MEN!



TAKE HIM AND
DEAL WITH HIM!!

THIS IS THE JOURNEY
FOR THE BRAVE LAD--
AND FOR ALL OF US.

BUT AS THE DELAYERS GAZELLY SPRANG UPON LINCAS, THE MOCOSAN PRINCE IS ATTACKED FROM HIS BACK...



...REVEALING...

THE TORTOISE--! HE HEARS THE SACRED SIGN OF THE TURTLE CLAN!

HE RANKS AS THE GREATEST OF ALL CHIEFS!!



MEN OF THE DELAYERS--I AM THE LAST OF THE OLDEST OF THE MOCOSANS!

MY RACE WAS THE FIRST FROM WHICH ALL OF YOU ARE DESCENDED!



AND WHO ART THOU...?



LINCAS, THE SON OF CAMELBACKBROOD.

THE BLOOD OF THE TURTLE HAS BEEN IN MANY CHIEFS, BUT ALL HAVE GONE BACK INTO THE EARTH FROM WHENCE THEY CAME... EXCEPT CAMELBACKBROOD AND LINCAS.

THANKS TO THE MANTON THAT LINCAS IS FOUND! TAMELUND IS OLD AND GROWS WEARY...

BUT NOW LINCAS HAS COME TO TAKE HIS PLACE AS CHIEF AT THE COMING RITES!



BUT WHY HAVE LINCAS AND HIS FATHER BEEN SO LONG ABSENT FROM THEIR PEOPLE?

WE REFUSED TO LEAVE THE LAND OF OUR GRANDFATHERS--AND REMAINED BY THE SEA.



NOW, MY BROTHERS--IF LINCAS IS WELCOMED BY THE DELAYERS, THEN HIS FRIEND MANTON MUST SHARE THIS WELCOME!

I AM RIGHT AROUND OF YE, LAD--! THAT BLESSED TURTLE ON YOUR CHEST HAS SERVED AS WELL INDEED!





TELL ME, WISE UNCAS-- DOES THE
MINGO MAGUA SPEAK THE TRUTH?
HAS HE A CONQUEROR'S CLAIM
OVER YOU--?

HE HAS NONE,
WISE TAMELUNG.
A SNARE WAS
SET FOR ME-- BUT
I ESCAPED.



AND THE TALL
PALEFACE-- THIS
MAYBE SHE, WHOM
YOU CALL
FRIEND--?

HE LIVES AT
THE MINGO, FOR HE
ALSO ESCAPED.



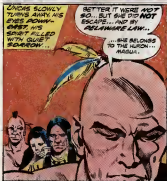
WHAT OF THE PALEFACE
STORY-- AND THE
YELLOWHAIR MAIDEN--
WHO CAME INTO MY VILLAGE
TOGETHER?

THEY TWO ESCAPED--
BEFORE EVEN MAGUA,
EYE AND MYSELF.



AND THE DARK-
SKINNED WOMAN
WHOM MAGUA LEADS
ALSO LEFT IN THE
CARE OF MY
WARRIORS--?

SHE IS
MINE
MONGIAN! YOU
KNOW SHE IS
MINE!!



UNCAS SLOWLY
TURNS AWAY HIS
EYES DOWN--
BUT HIS
SPIRIT KILLED
WITH QUIET
SORROW...

BETTER IT WERE NOT
SO... BUT SHE DID NOT
ESCAPE... AND BY
DELAWARE LAW...

...SHE BELONGS
TO THE HURON--
MAGUA.



MINGO, DEPART WITH
YOUR PRISONER--AND
RETURN HERE NEVER
AGAIN!

WAIT, MAGUA-- I WILL
GIVE YOU GOLD--
SILVER-- GUN-
POWDER....!

SILENCE,
PALEFACE BOB!
MAGUA HAS BUT
ONE MIND!





NO--IT IS OUR OLD FRIEND **CHUNKY**!

ARKAN-EYE-- THERE WAS SUCH A **ARMY** IN THE **HURON** CAMP THAT I HAD TO **FLEE** FOR MY VERY **SELF**!

YAGLA HAS **IMPRISONED** **CORA** IN THE **CAVE**-- AND **PREPARED** HIS **SABOTEURS** FOR **BATTLE**!



WHAT **SAY** YOU, **BROTHER** **HAWK-EYE**?



GIVE ME **TWENTY** OF YOUR **WARRIORS** **UNCAS**--AND **ARMED**--AND I WILL **LEAD** THEM **ALONG** THE **STREAM** **TOWARD** THE **HURON** **VILLAGE**.

CHIVASBOOK AND **COLONEL** **ALWARD** **STILL** **WAIT** THERE-- **AND** **CAN** **JOIN** US.



YOU AND YOUR **WARRIORS** CAN **ATTACK** FROM THE **REAR**--**UNCAS**, AND **WHEN** THEY ARE **EMBARRASSED**, THE **REST** OF US WILL **MOVE** FROM THE **CAVE** TO **WIN** THE **VILLAGE** AND **TAKE** **CORA** FROM THE **CAVE**.



THERE IS **WISDOM** IN YOUR **PLAN**, **BROTHER** **HAWK-EYE**. WE WILL **DO** AS YOU **ADVISE**.



THOUGH A **MAN** OF **PEACE** AND **MERCY** WHO IS **UNFAMILIAR** WITH THE **WAYS** OF **WAR**, I WILL **GO** WITH YOU--

--TO **STRIKE** A **RIGHTFUL** **BLOW** OF **CHRISTIAN** **WRATH** IN **BEHALF** OF THE **MAGNAN**!



THIS, THE **TWO** **GROUPS** **TAKE** TO THE **WOODS**...



...AND WHEN **ARKAN-EYE'S** **GROUP** HAS **NEARLY** **REACHED** THE **STREAM** WHERE **CHIVASBOOK** AND **ALWARD** **WAIT**...



SHUNK!

TO **COVER**, **LADS**--BEFORE THE **NINGO** **FIENDS** **NIP** OFF OUR **NOSES**!!

FEW IN NUMBER, THE ATTACKING MUJONS SWIFTLY FALL BACK UNDER THE FIRE OF KILL-DEER AND THE OTHER TWENTY-ONE MUJONS IN-
HAWK-EYE'S COMMAND...



STILL EVEN AS THE MUJONS RETREAT, MORE AND MORE OF THEIR FELLOWS ARRIVE TO INCREASE THEIR NUMBER...

...AND JUST WHEN HAWK-EYE DESPAIRS THAT THE AMBUSH WILL DELAY HIM TOO LONG TO ASSIST UNCAS'S ATTACK ON THE VILLAGE, TWO FRIENDS ARRIVE, DRAWN BY THE SOUND OF KILL-DEER'S FIRE...

CHINGSACHSOOK--
AND MINGO!

HAVE YOU
WORD OF MY
MOUNTAINS,
MAN--?

THESE DELAYERS ARE
YOUR PEOPLE,
CHINGSACHSOOK--TAKE
COMMAND OF THEM
WHILE I AND MY WHITE
BROTHERS SLAY AWAY.

WE WILL ATTEMPT
TO STRIKE ON FOR
THE VILLAGE,
THERE TO ASSIST
UNCAS.



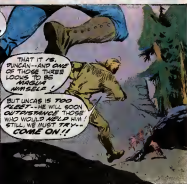
THEN, LIKE SILENT
BANDONS SLIDING
THROUGH THE
TUNNEL OF BATTLE
BETWEEN DELAYERS
AND MOUNTAINS,
HAWK-EYE AND HIS
THREE COMPANIONS
PLUNGE FORWARD...



ALICE IS SAFE--
AND WE MUST NOW
TO RESCUE THE
ELDER COUNCIL.

...UNTIL THEY
REACH THE
DESERVED VILLAGE
WHERE THE MUJONS
ARE HAVING A
DISASTROUS LAST
STAND, EVEN
WITHOUT THE
AID OF A SECOND
ATTACK, UNCAS
FEARS DELAYERS
ARE WINNING THE
BATTLE BUT NOW IS
NOT YET THE TIME
TO RETIRE...

LOOK AHEAD--IS THAT
NOT UNCAS WHO RUSHES
SO FEARLESSLY AFTER
THOSE THREE MUJONS--?



THAT IT IS,
UNCAS--AND ONE
OF THOSE THREE
LOOKS TO BE
HAWK-
EYE!

BUT UNCAS IS TOO
FAST--HE WILL SOON
OUTDISTANCE THOSE
WHO WOULD HELP HIM!
STILL, WE MUST TRY--
COME ON!!



THEN AS MASLA
RAISES HIS
ARM TO
FLING IT INTO
CORA'S BREAST...



STOP,
DODGE A
NURON!!

--LUCAS DARES
A BRAVIOLE
LEAP FROM
HIGH ABOVE--

THE LEAP IS AN IMPOSSIBLE ONE--
ONE WHICH WOULD KILL MOST MEN--
AND THOUGH LUCAS SOMEHOW
SURVIVES THE FALL, HE MISSES HIS
NATED TARGET...



THEN, AS MASLA
MOVES FROM
THE DESPERATE
ATTACK--

ONE OF HIS
HARD CORE
SPRINGS AT
CORA...



ASH-NH!

...AND WITH A
SINGLE THRUST
SLAYS THE
BEAUTIFUL
PARK-HAired
GIRL...

IT HAPPENS
SO SWIFTLY
AND -- TERRI-
BLY --
WITH NOTHING
TO HOLD THE
TERRIBLE EVENTS
IN CHECK...



STILL STUNNED
FROM HIS LONG
FALL, LUCAS
STRUGGLES TO
PUSH HIMSELF
UP...

--AND--

DEATH TO
THE MEXICAN!!



--THE TERRIBLE
KNIFE IS BURIED
DEEP IN HIS
BACK.

MORTALLY WOUNDED--AND LIVING ONLY BY THE GRACE OF COURAGE AND DETERMINATION--UNCAS STAGGERS UPRIGHT, AND WITH HIS LAST REMAINING STRENGTH--



--UNCAS UNCONSCIOUSLY STRIKES DOWN CORA'S MURDERER...

...THEN FALLS AWAY INTO DEATH...T CORA'S BURE.



BUT HIGH ABOVE, BOLD BAPTIST APPEARS-- AND FROM THE SAME GLEAMING HAVEN HOSTED THE FATAL BLADES OF THE WARRIOR KINGS...

...THE MAN OF PRICE-- THE MASTER OF REVENGE--IS AROUSED AT LAST TO ACTION!



NO--I COME TOO LATE! BOTH OF THEM DEAD--!!

AND THE SCOUT'S HANDS TREMBLE LIKE SPRING LEAVES IN A STIR AND BITTERLY COLD WIND...

THE RIFELACES ARE AGES! THE PELAGUES ARE WOMEN!



MAGUA LEAVES THEM ON THE ROCKS FOR THE CROWS!!



AND AS MAGUA MAKES HIS DESPERATE LEAP FOR ESCAPE, MAGUA'S EYES WINKED--MAGUA AND TREMBLED SO MOEMENTUOUSLY AT THE SIGHT OF THE GALLAN BRIGGS AND CORA--

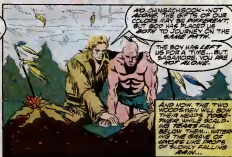
--NOW SURROUND KILL-DEER WITH A BRIP AS FIRM AND STEADY AS THE VERY ROCK ALL AROUND...



UNCAS, LAR I KNOW YOU CANNOT HEAR ME...

...BUT KILL-DEER REMAINS FOR YOUR MEMORY...

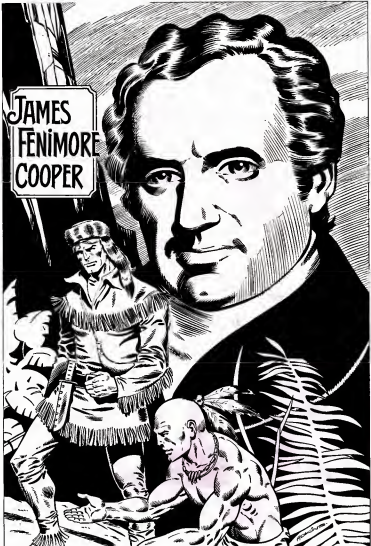




AND THERE WILL BE NOTHING LEFT BUT THE AWFUL STILLNESS, AND THE BURST OF FEELING IN THE WORDS OF WISE, ANCIENT TREMELAND: "SO, CHILDREN OF THE DELAWARE, FOR THE ANGER OF THE MANITOY IS NOT DONE, THE PLEASURES ARE MORTUARY OF THE EARTH, AND THE TIME OF THE RED MAN HAS NOT YET COME AGAIN, MY DAY HAS BEEN TOO LONG IN THE MORNING, I SAW THE SON OF CHINSAHBOOK HARRY AND STRONG; AND YET, BEFORE THE NIGHT HAS COME, I HAVE LIVED TO SEE THE LAST WARRIOR OF THE WISE RACE OF THE INDIANS."

END

JAMES
FENIMORE
COOPER



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